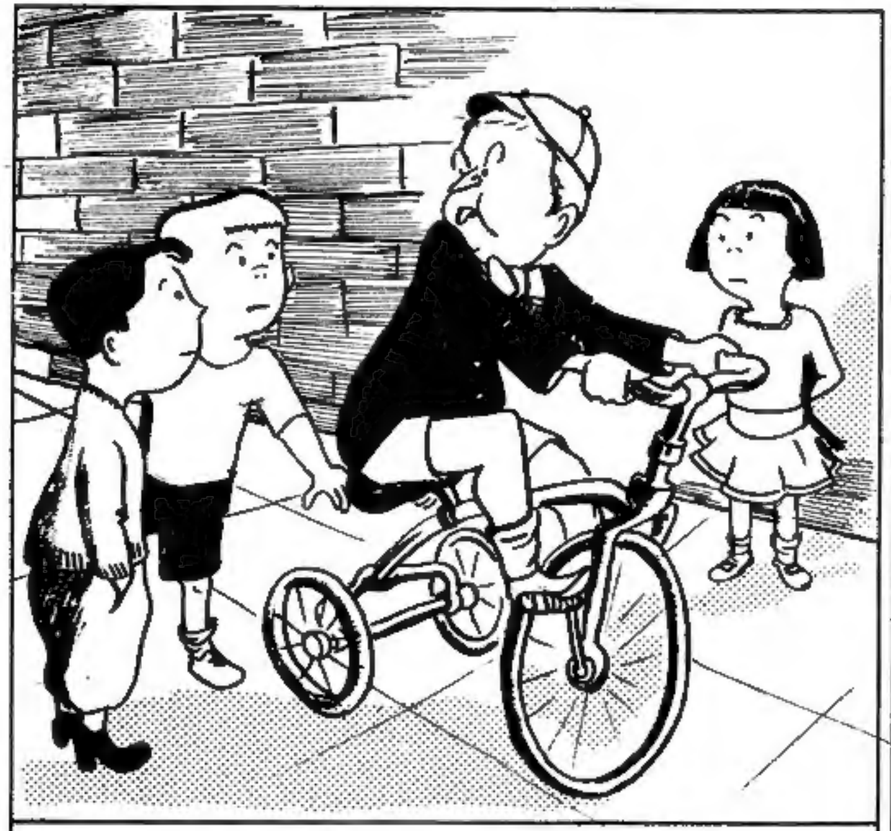
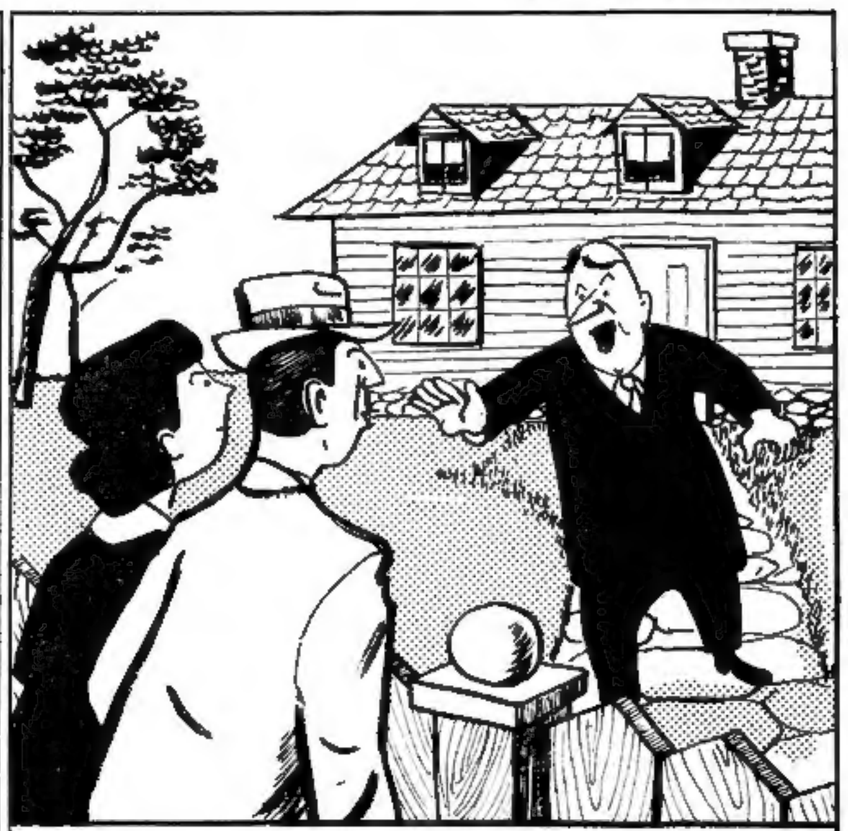
THE SAME OLD HOKUM

BY KAULEE



Back when Albert was a shaver and he had
a bike to ride,
He just loved the kids to watch him as he
swerved from side to side.
But he wouldn't let them touch it, and he
wouldn't share his fun;
Al had lots of toys and playthings, but he'd
never lend you one.

Like the other guys in service, Al's folks sent
him lots to eat.
Fancy pies and cakes and candy made his
army mail-call sweet.
Other GI's shared their bundles, passed
around Mom's baking skill —
This boy's packages were hoarded, and our
Albert's hoarding still.



Now, while homes are scarce as diamonds,
Bachelor Al, with room to spare,
Makes it clear to former buddies that he hasn't
learned to share.
He can always think of reasons why he has to
hog it all,
But it's still the old baloney — selfish Al just
won't play ball.

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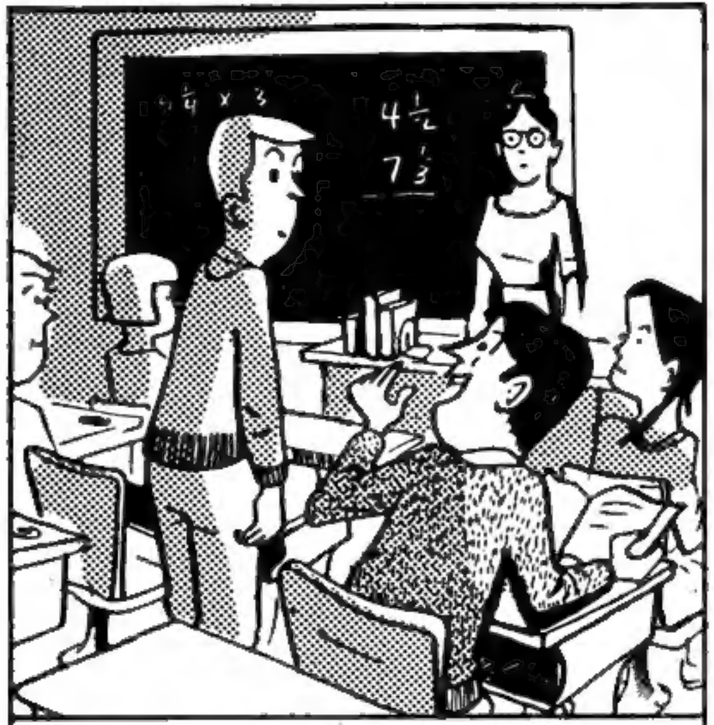

Kenny started in his school days posing as
a know-it-all
When the kids who sat beside him stuttered at
the teacher's call.
Kenny always had an answer for the boys
to pass along,
But it soon became apparent that his tips
were always wrong.

As a dogface, there was Kenny full of ways
to help you out —
Told you how to duck inspection; knew when
M.P.'s were about:
Always sounded like he gave you lots of
inside dope he'd heard,
But you landed in the guard-house if you
took him at his word.

Now you end up losing money on the nag
Ken swears will win,
And he blames it on the jockey 'cause he's
got a darker skin.
He's still busy telling suckers lots of stuff
that isn't so;
Claims some races and religions are the cause
of all your woe —

But it's still
The old baloney;
Just as long as
He sounds wise,
It will never
Trouble Kenneth
If you suffer
For his lies.